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THE DEMOCRATIC PRESS IN N.Y. CITY REPRSENTS A CIRCULATION OF 1,400,000.
Dalrymple

AND GOOD REASON WHY.

The Intelligent Press of the Country is all on the Democratic Side.—*Clarkson's Speech, Condensed.*

PUCK,

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

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Wednesday, May 14th, 1890. — No. 688.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

SPEAKER REED is one of the most interesting of the "typical developments" of the new Republican Party, which is a party that has nothing save its name in common with the party of Lincoln, Sumner and Chase. He is not of the same sort of developments as the Dudleys and Quays and Wanamakers — indeed, he is an agreeable variation from their fecund growth, in that he is neither corrupt, sordid nor hypocritical — but he is no less typical of the present state and condition of the party.

* * *

To be a leader in the old Republican Party required the possession of principles, and devotion to the principles possessed. But all the principles that the Republican Party of to-day possesses are solely for platform use. They go into the platform once in four years, and there they stay. They are not for business purposes. Mr. Reed, so far as his standing in the Republican Party is concerned, may believe any thing from the doctrine of transmigration of souls to the green-cheeseness of the moon. Nobody cares what he believes. In fact, it would be more or less to his detriment if he really and earnestly believed in any abstract principle. He might be taken for a crank — possibly for a Mugwump. There are only two things to which he has to pin his faith — the Republican Party and Thomas B. Reed.

* * *

What, then, is necessary to make him a leader? Well, he must be a better politician than the next man. What does that mean? Is he to champion any important measure? — set on foot any scheme of public improvement? — do any thing to advance the cause of good government or increase the welfare of the people? Not the least in the world, innocent friend and tax-payer! All he has to do is to show his eminent superiority in bluffing, brow-beating and cheating the Democratic minority in Congress. And if, at this pleasing and statesmanlike game, he shows himself more astute and more audacious than any other man in the party ranks — why, he is the best man in the party; he is the leader; perhaps, even, he will be the party's candidate for President in 1892.

* * *

A sweet state of affairs, is n't it, for the governed? The man who will most misuse his power as Speaker — or Chairman or Moderator: the office is the same, whatever the name — of a great legislative body, is for that reason, the best man in the party. There was a time, within the memory of men not yet gray, when a curious old-fashioned notion still obtained that men should be chosen for office because of eminent fitness for the place. The Republican Party has changed all that. Mr. Thomas B. Reed is Speaker of the House of Representatives and a leader in the party councils principally because he is the most unfair presiding officer that ever sat on a platform; because he has gone back on every principle that he ever professed concerning the rights of the minority, and because he can be relied upon to knock principle, honor, dignity and consistency into a cocked hat, if by so doing he can be of the slightest service to his party or to himself.

* * *

And yet Mr. Reed is not regarded as a born fool. No one has ever hailed him as a heaven-born statesman; but he has generally been considered a "pretty smart" man. In view of the fact that his present course is adopted at a time when there is every indication that the Democrats will have a majority in the next House, there are only two possible guesses at his reason for defying public opinion and common decency: first, that he has clean lost his head, which we doubt, for he thinks altogether too much of Thomas B. Reed's head: second, that he knows that the game is practically up for the Republican Party, and that he desires to make what advantage he may of his short term in power, careless of the future, and indifferent to the possibilities of use which the Democrats may find in the weapon he is forging for them. Our opinion is that the Honorable Thomas B. Reed is a "pretty smart" man, and that his diagnosis of the case of the Republican Party is quite correct.

We had earnestly hoped that out of the scorching which Tammany Hall is undergoing our handsome young Mayor, with his nickel-plated record and his fine equipment of good intentions, would escape like an asbestos-winged phœnix and rise superior to the ruins about him. We hope so still, and shall continue to hope so, so long as no evidence is produced of a decisive and final character. But we must frankly admit that our hope has less foundation in faith than it had; and we trust our readers will not be surprised if we find ourselves called upon to denounce that genial official, and hand him over to disgrace with the swindlers, bribers, bribe-takers and other rascals of Tammany Hall. They may be assured that we shall not perform so disagreeable a duty unless it is absolutely and unavoidably necessary.

* * *

But we must admit as a possibility what we hoped was an impossibility. There are things that tell heavily against Mayor Grant; and the best of his friends must have trembled for his future when, the week before last, two damaging facts were made known on the same day. Mr. Charles A. Dana came out in the New York *Sun* and asserted his belief in Mr. Grant's innocence; and, as a corollary, which is defined as an inference from a preceding proposition, Mr. Grant engaged Mr. Joseph H. Choate as his counsel. We do not wish to draw invidious inferences. The support of the *Sun* may have been mere gratuitous malice, as General Butler could testify. But we wish that Mayor Grant had not sent for Mr. Choate. "Joe" Choate is like Bishop Potter in one respect — when he is sent for it is generally either to preside at a dinner or to officiate at a funeral. His superabundant gentility and overflowing respectability have thrown their golden light over many a dying reputation. Let us hope that the most genial, accomplished and ingenious Mr. Choate has no such sad duty to perform on this occasion.

"PUCK takes no notice whatever of the Tammany revelations. *Et tu, Pucke!*" — *Evening Post.*

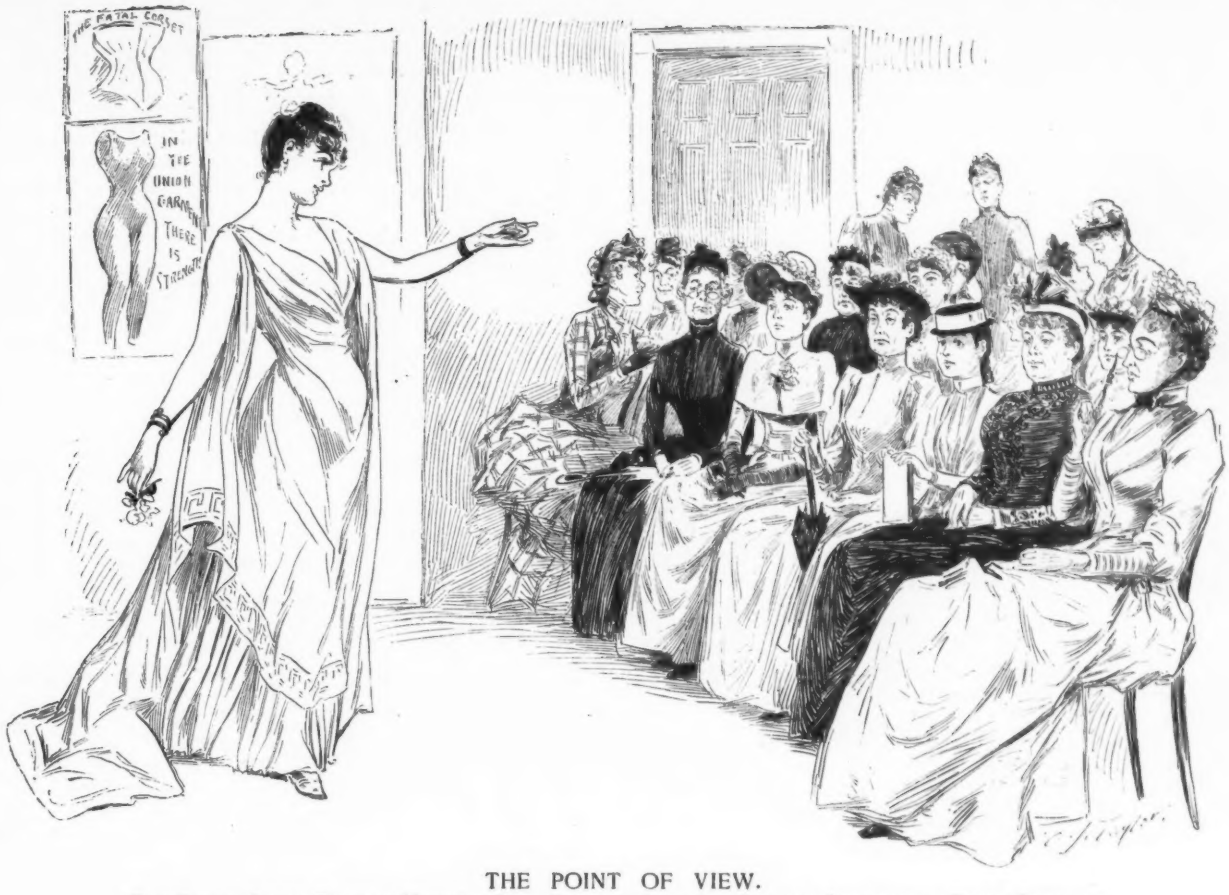
Sic semper palis, if you want Latin — that 's always the way with posts. If our Esteemed Contemporary had been keeping up with the procession, it would have observed that on April 9th we pictured the Tammany tiger on the spit, said pleasantly to Mr. Ivins, "Give him another turn — we 're with you!" and made appropriate editorial comment on "the men who have despoiled us, killed our city's fair fame, and prostituted our politics." As to later developments, PUCK has followed a rule that has made friends and inspired confidence — never to accuse a public officer of wrong-doing except upon sound and incontrovertible evidence. PUCK has fought the Tammany tiger for many years, and he is not likely to lose a chance to put in a good hit. He has a natural objection to hitting in the air. But it is not because he is willing to spare scoundrels in the Sheriff's Office, in Ludlow Street Jail or in the corner-room of the basement of the City Hall. Let us be dead sure of our scoundrel, and the *Post's* Latin won't come within a mile of PUCK'S Saxon.

FULL OF HIS SUBJECT.

STATEN ISLAND INSURANCE AGENT. — You can't get such rates in Chicago as I offer you, and —

HIS ACQUAINTANCE FROM THE WEST *(trying to ward him off)*. — What 's that big figure over on that island?

INSURANCE AGENT *(busily)*. — Statue of liability — as I was saying, you can't, etc., etc., etc.



THE POINT OF VIEW.

THE EVERY-OTHER TUESDAY MORNING CLUB *listens to a lecture by a* POPULAR ADVOCATE OF DRESS-REFORM.—

THE WHIRLIGIG OF TIME.

His first love was full twenty-five;
He eighteen when he sought her.
When he at forty did arrive,
He asked her for her daughter!

THAT WOULD BE SUITABLE.

ALTMANN.—Stern is booked for a series of lectures on Finance. He asked me for a good general title for the course.

EHRICH.—How would "Money Talks" do?

SEEN THROUGH.

GILLOTT *(on the train)*.—I 'll bet that 's a newly-married couple yonder.

SHIPMAN.—Why?

GILLOTT.—Because they 're trying so hard to act as if they were not.

—*Who makes several converts.*

POOR JACK!

When Jack Tar sails the stormy sea,
His vessel reels, but not so he;
When she 's in port on even keel,
His steps a stagger oft reveal.

A LIMITED KNOWLEDGE.

MR. TWOWRIST *(entering small town)*.—Do you know the population of this place?

MIDDLE-AGEDEST INHABITANT.—Not all of 'em, Boss; but I 've got a right smart lot of acquaintances.

A PROVIDENTIAL ESCAPE.

JACK BILLINGTON *(to* SUSIE COOINGTON*)*.—That dear little shoe, how I do love it!

PARROT *(devoutly)*.—Thank heaven, I don't belong to that breed!

POWERFUL, INDEED.

MRS. EASTLAKE.—I hear that a powerful revival is in progress at the Methodist Church.

MR. EASTLAKE.—It may well be called powerful. Why, two members of the choir have been converted!

A WARNING BLAST.

LORD.—What 's that steamer whistling so for?

TAYLOR.—To warn other boats out of the way. If she did n't whistle she 'd have to stop.

LORD.—Oh, I see. Merely whistling to keep a wake.

THE LOST CORD.

FIRST STRANGER.—Are n't you a composer?

SECOND STRANGER.—Yes. How did you guess it?

FIRST STRANGER.—Because you have white cord covered with blacking in your shoes.

DUBIOUS.

"Have you read my Triolet?"

"I 've read the first part of it. It 's awfully good. I hope to finish it to-night."

O TEMPORA! O MORES!

SMITH.—By Jove! Here 's a French duel where one of the parties was actually shot!

WESSON.—H'm! Please remember that the shooter is a pseudo-American.

FIGURATIVELY SPEAKING.

FIGURE 9.—They 're going to set a good table to-night. I shall be on hand between 8 and 10.

FIGURE 7.—I shall be there just before 8.

LIGHTS ON A DARK SUBJECT.

TEACHER.—Now, here 's the word "kidney" in the lesson for to-day. A kidney is one of the organs of the body. Holcomb, you may give an instance illustrating the use of the word.

HOLCOMB *(without a second's hesitation)*.—We are going to have a new kidney in our church next Sunday.

TOO MUCH REALISM.

"Why, that novel is n't so bad. It 's only the bare truth."

"Maybe; but B. T. seems to need a Turkish bath."

NOT PERCEIVABLE.

"Papa, what is this color they call invisible blue?"

"It 's the blue on a policeman's uniform when there 's a row on hand."

TAKING NO RISKS.

FAILED TO CONNECT.

LITTLE WILLIE GASTEROPOD was the only son of the Widow Gasteropod. His specialty was patches and an unassuming nobility of character. Although not a favorite in the village, which was not inhabited by Fauntleroyers as a rule, all recognized the fact that Billy meant to do right.

Billy often worked far into the night, sawing wood, tuning pianos, weeding onion-beds, and otherwise making himself generally useful for the sake of turning an honest penny now and then. One of his steady patrons was old Rocks, who used to employ him in tidying up the coal bunkers near the canal. Late one night, Willie was returning home from work, when, just as he crossed the track of the Stockholders' Co-operative Railway, something drew his attention to the switch. As his eye caught the rail, shining white in the gleam of his lantern, Willie Gasteropod gave a start of surprise. A second look, and he was petrified with horror.

"Goodness, gracious me!" exclaimed the thoughtful lad, "here is a rail missing from the switch, and the Accommodation Limited Fast Express is due at 9:43¼ Central Time!"

Willie Gasteropod was a faithful reader of the *Weekly Pinafore*, and he vividly remembered how, only the previous week, he had read of an orphan girl who had stopped a Pullman-Wagner train full of directors, railroad presidents and porters, just as a misplaced frog was about to hurl it headlong down a bluff.

"And shall I hesitate?" said Willie. "Never! Even though I eat a cold supper to-night, I will save the Accommodation Limited. It is only 9:42 — I have yet a minute and a quarter!"

Taking the lantern in his teeth, little Gasteropod crept out upon the trestle-work of the bridge. What need to tell how the sleet whistled around Willie's well-developed ears? Why pause to describe how the lantern was *almost* blown out, seven times?

The headlight glared upon Willie Gasteropod. Willie glared back upon the headlight, and swung his lantern to, and also fro.

Will the engineer see him?

Of course he will. Slowly the great train came to a standstill. The air-brakes, the musical air-brakes, sang a few bars from "Lohengrin," and (as already remarked) the great train with its freight of human lives came to a standstill. Heads were thrust from the windows (contrary to the regulations of the company). Little Willie, breathing hard, and with a white brow, stood hugging his lantern.

The conductor came forward, the president, general manager of the road, local magnate, and several beautiful ladies, gathered around in a group, admirably adapted for illustration in black-and-white.

"Why did you stop the train?" asked the conductor.

"Because there is a rail missing from the switch!" answered the widow's son, in a low, firm voice.

"What switch?" asked the conductor.

"Just beyond the trestle-bridge, which I crossed upon my hands and knees," said Willie; "the —"

Then the big conductor impolitely interrupted little Willie. And the big conductor said a large number of things which the widow Gasteropod had told little Willie were very wrong to say. Some of the words were very strange to the widow's son; but Willie thought he caught the phrase:

"Beyond the — dam!"

"No, sir," he began, "not beyond the dam. Beyond the *bridge*, I said."

"We have n't used that switch for twenty years, you young idiot," said the conductor. "And the next time you stop a train you 'll get something worth remembering. Now, I 'll give you a piece of advice. Before you go slinging lanterns across other people's tracks you want to remember Davy Crockett's advice: 'Be sure you 're right —'"

But Willie was lost in the gathering gloom, and the conductor yelled the rest to the engineer:

"Then — GO AHEAD!"

Tudor Jenks.

PRIVATION.

MR. PHILEAS FOGG *(in the West)*. — I suppose you meet with a good many hardships out here on the plains?

LARIAT LUKE. — Hardships? I should say so! Why, pard, I 've sometimes been obliged to chaw smokin' terbacker!

A TIMELY WORD.

MISS COONBY *(at "the party")*. — Why, Mr. Mokeby, yo 's jus' dressed up to kill.

MR. MOKEBY *(feeling his pocket)*. — Golly! Dat jus' reminds me, Miss Juliet; I 'se done lef my razzer to home!

NO ASSISTANCE.

SCENE, *the Club, at 5 P. M.*

CHOLLY *(meditatively)*. — By Jove! I wish I knew what Kitty Keene would say, if I should ask her to marry me.

HOLLY *(with a tone of bitter reminiscence)*. — I could tell you what she said to me when *I* did, if it would help you any, old fellar!

ASSISTANT POSTMASTER-GENERAL CLARKSON observes that "the tariff is an anchorage." When the ship gets to her anchorage, if we understand it, she ceases to move onward. Perhaps the A. P. M. G. forgot this little detail when he addressed the Pittsburghers.

IT LOOKS as if a McCann had been tied to the Tammany Tiger's tail. What wicked boys these Investigators are!

IF ANYBODY has a more thankless job than the hangman, it is the man who tries to oblige people simply because they live under the same roof with him.

"A PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHTS!" said the editor of the cheap evening paper, as he clipped the best things out of the humorous weeklies.

A SPARK-ARRESTER — The "Beau-catcher."

MANY A MAN who would n't even make a good book-agent thinks his tongue is persuasive enough to control the affairs of a nation.

IT IS HARD for a man to pass money that he sees lying on the sidewalk — if it turns out to be counterfeit.

WHEN A MAN applies for a job where he is "certain to make fifty dollars a week" canvassing, he should wear one of the "forty-dollar suits, marked down to eight dollars." This will bring facts and figures somewhat more into harmony.

THE LAW'S DELAY, of course, is n't a very pleasant thing; so all gentlemen who are willing to vote for a return to the system of the Montana Vigilantes are requested to — "Hold up your hands!"

RESPONSIBILITY is the coat which every man at fault always thinks is a misfit on his own back.

A KENTUCKY LADY requests her husband to repeat the words *Louisville Courier-Journal* when he protests his sobriety. This is as severe a test as "truly rural."

"D' YE SEE any spots on me?" demanded the sun.

"I do, upon my Sol," replied the moon.

POLONIUS AND LAERTES.

POLONIUS.— And so, my son, thou art a Senator. My blessing with thee. And these few precepts in thy memory see thou character. Give thy honest thoughts no tongue, nor any noble thought his act. Be thou familiar, and by all means vulgar. The friends thou hast and their adoption tried, grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steal. Take good men's censure, but preserve thy party. This above all — to the Devil himself be true —

LAERTES.— Most humbly do I take my leave, my Lord; but why this strange advice?

POLONIUS.— Do you want to get Dana down on you?

VERY FRANK.

PRISON VISITOR.—You seem an honest fellow, and I feel an interest in you. Could any thing be done to make you more comfortable?

CONVICT.—You bet!

VISITOR.—What?

CONVICT.— Lemme out!

HEROS OF EVERY-DAY LIFE.

The man who can accompany his wife on a bargain-hunting expedition without losing his patience.

IN THE SANCTUM.

"Yes, sir; I feel it in my bones that my name will be written 'on Fame's eternal bead-roll' as one of the great humorists of the age."

"Well, you 'll have to beadroller than you are now. James, pass me that waste-basket."

THE ORIGINAL FARO PLAYER.

"Moses was pretty smart."

"You bet he was! He played Pharaoh for all he was worth, and got away without losing a cent.

PLYMOUTH ROCK BOUND.

"What a stern coast the Pilgrims came to!"

"Yes; and they still cling to their Back Bay."

AN EXCEPTION.

"You can't be in two places at once."

"Can't, eh? Well, I know a man who was in a pair of trousers at once."

The man who can maintain his dignity through an ordeal like this.

The man who can face a belligerent Irish cook without flinching.

IF CONVENIENT.

BARBER.— How would you like to have your hair cut, sir?

CUSTOMER.—Oh, very much indeed, thanks, if you 've the time. Or if you would prefer, I 'll come in again when you are not busy.

HE COULD MOVE.

JOHN SMITH. — But how can you marry her? You are too poor even to pay your rent.

JACK UPPERS.— Oh, but I expect payrental assistance.

The man who can escort his country relations on a sight-seeing tour around town, and act as if he enjoyed it.

The man who can marry a lady like the above.

The man who can bear up and look jolly under the above circumstances.

CHILDREN'S CHROMO CLOTHING.

UPON THE street in sun and storm,
The walker must confess,
The small boy wears a uniform,
And ne'er civilian's dress.

In soldier clothes the chipper chap
Disports a golden bar,
Or wears the jaunty kind of cap
That decks the jolly tar.

Another, tough as any knot,
And for cold weather built,
Bare-leggèd like the brawny Scot,
Plays marbles in a kilt.

Of course, this fashion 's sure to grow
Until the little man
Wears the quaint garbs of Jericho,
Morocco and Japan.

We 'll see the toddling Turk unfold
His smile on Maiden Lane,
Beside the little pirate bold
That sails the Spanish Main.

And playing "hookey" in the park,
The urchin small or big,
Will in policeman's habit mark,
Or in the "L" Road rig.

In postman's dress upon Broadway
The school-boy will appear,
Or in the base-ball suit of gray
He 'll smile from ear to ear.

The coonlet 'neath the lisping leaf
In Summer, soft and bland,
Will wear the costume, sweetly brief,
That 's worn in Zululand.

And other boys with jeers will greet,
And make with passion mute
The boy who wears upon the street
An ordinary suit.

R. K. M.

THE BROKEN VASE.

"Why, Tennyson, what is all this broken glass here on the floor?"

"Oh, it 's a little thing I dashed off a few minutes ago."

AFTER INFORMATION.

"I say, teacher."

"Well?"

"Was n't the fall of Adam a case of Eve's dropping, too?"

A BLASTED CAREER.

MRS. O'DUGHAN.— It 's sorry Oi am, Mrs. Galloway, to hear as how y'r son was goin' ter the bad. Sure, now, Oi t'ought some foin day he 'd be a great aldermon, er congressmon, er somet'ing.

MRS. GALLOWAY *(sadly)*.— Yes, Mrs. O'Dughan, the bye had the makin' av a ghreat shtatesmon in 'im, only his head was a little wake, an' he cu'd n't shtand the phuskey.

AGE BRINGS us wisdom, but does n't give us much time to use it.

NOT SO GREEN AS HE LOOKED.

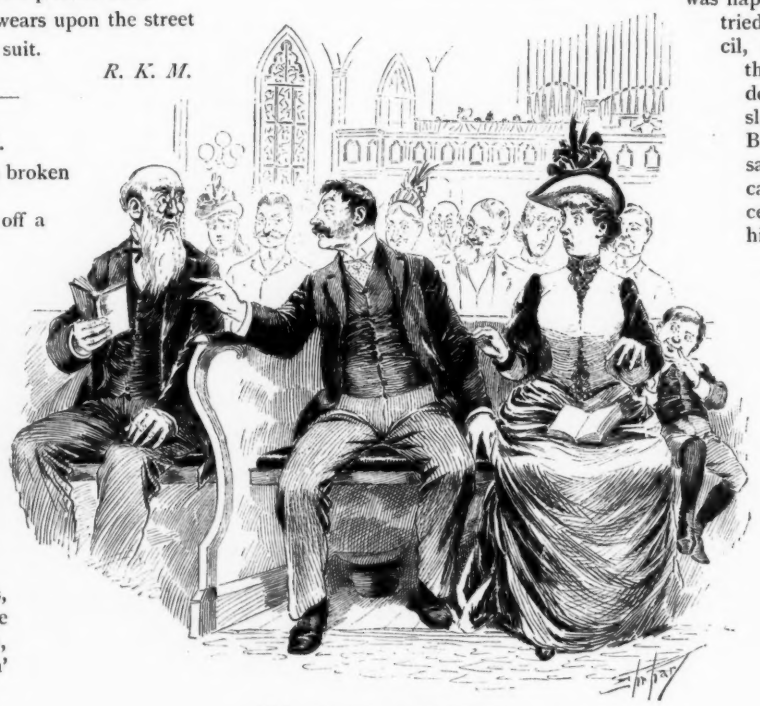
"Dinner!" replied Mr. Farback to the clerk, as he registered at a first-class hotel, 6:30 P. M. "Will I have dinner? No! I *won't* have *dinner*, and don't you forgit it, nuther! Ain't you made a mistake? Look at me ag'in! Do I look so darn green? I jest want ter say to you, young feller, that I seen New York long afore you was born—stayed all night, tew—and was n't humbugged, nuther, and ain't goin' ter be this time, nuther. Ef you 've got any *supper*, I 'm ready; but darned if I 'm goin' ter pay fer *dinner* after six o'clock at night, and I want you ter jest understand that afore I gin ye up my satchel."

NOTHING FAST ABOUT IT.

"By Jove, the mail service is rank!" said Smithers. "The trains are slow, the deliveries are slow, and I 'm jiggered if even the stamps will stick fast."

NATURAL UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES.

Jones was on his way home the other night. He had been helping the boys to celebrate his birthday at Meldonico's. It was 2 A. M., and he was happy. When he reached his house he tried to open the door with a lead pencil, and failing, sang "Annie Rooney" through the keyhole. Then he sat down upon the top step and went to sleep. In the morning, before Judge Bridlegoose, he explained matters by saying that, medically considered, his case was simply one of unconscious celebration, and his Honor allowed him to depart.



HIS ONLY THOUGHT.

SUBURBAN COMMUTER *(waking suddenly)*.— Say, Friend, make up a hand of whist?

THE TARIFF HEN.

WHEN THE tariff 's laid
On the pauper hen,
And you cease to go
Unprotected then,
Pretty little chicks,
Will you learn to lay
Twice as many eggs
As you do to-day?

If it does n't help,
It 's a harmless myth,
And the thing is good
To fool the farmer with.
'T is—'t is not—a tax,
And it 's spread so thinly,
Few will know they pay it,
Chuckles Bill McKinley.

J. D. Miller.

A LEAF FROM THE JOURNAL OF M. BASKINSELF.

MAY 1st.—To-day is the anniversary of a great event in the world's history.

It is my birthday.

This morning the members of my family came to my room to congratulate me. I immediately threw several pairs of shoes, which were lying about, at their heads.

My aunt, who was hit in the ear by a riding boot, fell heavily to the floor. It would have been amusing if she had not been bringing in a dish of whipped cream, which caused an offensive spot on the floor. This put me in one of my most unbecoming tempers.

MAY 2d.—This morning, while waiting for my second cup of coffee (I adore coffee this week; last week it filled me with loathing), I translated a few hundred pages of Homer into three languages at once, accompanied by some comparisons of myself with Helen of Troy. Do not let me be accused of undue modesty. I have not said on which side lay the advantages.

MAY 3d.—Practiced piano scales for an hour, and was thrown into a violent fit of weeping at the thought of how many wretched creatures there are in the world who will never hear my piano scales.

MAY 4th.—Painted a few pictures this morning for S. Kraut's saloon. I do not love S. Kraut. Still, he is a man.

MAY 5th.—Kraut came in and said that several persons had fallen down in fits at sight of my pictures, and had to be carried out.

Is this genius, or is it——?

He had on a red necktie which made me ill, and I told him never to come into my presence again.

MAY 6th.—Everything goes wrong. My new gown displeased me, and I threw it into the fire. Then I draped a Turkey-red table-cloth about my form, and twisted a napkin which matched it around my head. The effect was ravishing, and I was perfectly happy until the maid came in and wanted the table-cloth.

I was a boiling Vesuvius of rage. As if there were no more table-cloths to be had! Or if not, why should my family insist on having dinner just at the time I was using it.

There should be a law for the suppression of families.

MAY 7th.—I now believe in the transmigration of souls. Else how could so many sublime things have been written, had I not been the animating cause. I am sure that I must have inspired this sentiment of Ben Jonson's:

"Great and high the world knows only two,
That 's Rome and I.
My roof receives me not;
'T is air I tread,
And at each step I feel my advanced head
Knock out a star from Heaven."

Now I know why I have such violent headaches. It is bumping my head against the stars when I walk out in the evening. I shall have to discontinue these night rambles.

The "advanced head" is a serious complaint.

EVEN MISCHIEF MEANT WORK.

MRS. MAXIM.—You will go to the devil if you do not mend your ways.

LIGHTFOOT CHARLEY.—I will never go the devil, Mum. He 's no friend of mine. He is the old duffer who always finds plenty for idle hands to do.

SOMETHING DROPPED.

MRS. CONOSSER.—Did you show Mr. De Frett into the drawing-room?

MARY ANN.—Yis, Ma'am. I lift him lookin' at th' satsoomy vase. He said it wor th' finest he 'd seen.

"HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE."

King Edward picked the garter up that slipped by sad mischance,
'Fore the noble lords and ladies in the mazes of the dance;
But when he bound it 'round his knee, the cynosure of eyes,
I wonder what he really thought in reference to its size.

James Martin.

NEITHER ONE NOR THE OTHER.

"Do you think Smithers is as bad as he is painted?"

"No; nor do I believe that he is as good as he was whitewashed by the Investigating Committee."

SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR.

"Thought you were going to marry Miss Tinsley, Upson," said Mr. Madison Squeer, as he greeted his friend the other day.

"Can't," replied Mr. Upson Downes, moodily; "we come within the Table of Consanguinity, confound it!"

"How 's that? I did n't know she was your first cousin."

"She ain't, either."

"What the deuce is she, then?"

"She *says* she 's my sister."

OUR MERCHANT MARINE.

ROURKE.—An' phwy did yez give up the say, Moriarty?

MORIARTY.—Sure it 's a loife av slavery on board ship; a man has no chance to shtrike on the watther!

1889. HOW IT IS GOING

During the Mexican war, a military genius conceived the idea of loading a cannon on the back of a horse, and

S GOING TO WORK. 1891.

of a horse, and firing it off over the horse's tail. The scheme worked all right — until the horse turned around.

A PRAIRIE SELL.

EASTERN BRIDE. — Why, Henry, you told me you had a flat ready for me just out of the city.

MINNEAPOLIS BRIDEGROOM. —Well, you don't call this location mountainous, do you?

BLUE BEARD.

ONCE UPON A TIME there was a man who was called Blue Beard, because he usually wore a moustache and goatee of a rich dark purple hue.

Now, at the time this story begins, Blue Beard had succeeded, partly by false promises and other trickery, and partly by force, in renewing an old alliance with a coy young widow, named Gotham, who had been his wife before, and who, in spite of her former unhappy experiences and the warnings of all her friends, had put herself again in his power on the strength of his promises of reform.

One day, not long after their marriage, Blue Beard said to his wife:

"I am going away on a short journey to Albany to purchase a few hayseed votes, and while I am away, enjoy yourself as you may see fit. Here are all my keys, and you may open every door with the exception of the one at the end of the long corridor in the basement of the court-house, and that you must not approach under any circumstances whatever. Here is the key; you see it is marked 'Investigation.'"

No sooner had her husband departed than Gotham, who was noted for her happy, easy-going disposition, invited all her friends to join her in a great merry-making. She showed them all her possessions, conducted them through many beautiful parks and gardens, and then exhibited with just pride the court-house, which, she declared, was the most costly building in the world, and had been built under her husband's personal supervision. And, having marveled at all the superb treasures which she displayed, they said to her:

"Have we seen all, or is there any thing that you have kept back to surprise us with?"

"I have shown you everything," replied the hostess, "except one chamber, and that I have been forbidden to look into, although I have the key at my girdle."

Immediately there was a loud chorus of remonstrance:

"Do open it, my dear," said Phila; "it may be that we shall find all the latest Spring styles there."

"Or some device for cleaning the streets," suggested Athena, a little spitefully, as she gathered her stiffly starched skirts together in her left hand.

"Open it, my dear," whispered her sister Bridget from next door, "there may be matinée tickets there."

So at last Gotham yielded to her friends' entreaties, and opened the door of the forbidden chamber. It was with some difficulty that she turned the key of investigation in the rusty old lock, but the moment the door was opened a flood of light streamed into the room, and she and her friends fled from the place with cries of horror.

Hanging on the walls were a number of heads, and on the ground beneath them lay the bodies, slowly rotting away. And Gotham saw that the heads were the heads of the different municipal departments that had been seized by Blue Beard at various times.

There, too, lay a murderous-looking blood-stained machine, a sort of cross between a guillotine and a vampire bat, which belonged to the Sheriff's Office, and had evidently been in use but a short time before. In the corners were piled the bodies of many politicians and statesmen, with long knives plunged up to the hilts in their backs.

Gotham was completely unnerved at the awful sight, and hastened to close the door and leave the building, after cautioning her friends not to breathe a word about what they had seen.

"For my part," exclaimed Phila, "I don't think that was so very awful. There 's a skeleton in every house, and we 've got a perfect museum in ours. So long as you keep your front door steps washed, though, you need n't worry about the rest."

As for Athena, she started for her home at once, determined to have a thorough house-cleaning without loss of time.

Gotham awaited the return of Blue Beard in fear and trembling; for, now that she knew his real character, her mind became filled with the gravest apprehensions. As soon as he returned, he asked for the keys, and perceived immediately that the one marked "Investigation" had been used, in defiance of his orders. The unhappy wife fell upon her knees, and besought him to spare her, but he was merciless, and said:

"You shall be shut up in yonder tall building in Fourteenth Street until November, and then I will suck the life blood out of your veins, for I shall have plenty of time to do it."

And so poor Gotham was confined in a great red brick building that bore her husband's name, and she sat herself down to weep and lament her fate. She was attended only by her younger sister, who had been living with her for some time, and was named Anne X. District.

And Anne went up to the roof of the building, from which she could look out over all the region round about. And Gotham called to her:

"Sister Anne, Sister Anne, do you see anybody coming?"

And the other replied:

"I see a cloud of dust in the South, and an armed host advancing."

"Alas!" cried poor Gotham; "that is aid for my husband, coming from Washington according to a promise made in '88."

And after a little while she called up the staircase again:

"Sister Anne, Sister Anne, do you see any one coming?"

"Yes," replied the other; "there is a company of men in splendid attire approaching. They have signalled that they are on their way to help you, and that they alone are the cavaliers without fear and without reproach. Now I can see written on their standard the words: 'We are the Better Element of the Republican Party, and — '"

"May heaven help me in my extremity!" exclaimed poor Gotham, sinking on her knees in prayer. "Now I shall be stabbed in the back, like the men in the cellar."

And very soon she called again, saying;

"Sister Anne, Sister Anne, do you see any one coming?"

And her sister replied:

"I see two great armies approaching from different directions. One is recruited from all the other armies, and the other is the County Democracy. If they unite, you will be saved."

"Then," exclaimed Gotham, "let us hope that they will!"

This story will be continued in November.

J. L. Ford.

EXCITABLE EITHER WAY.

TIPTON. — What 's the matter?
PLUNGER. — Heckheimer 's fainted.
TIPTON. — Did his horse lose?
PLUNGER. — No; won.

A PLUCKY GIRL.

MISS BIRDSEYE. — Goodness! What *is* the matter with your foot?

MISS TAIKE. — Verdy Jalousie dared me to waltz just once with the Baron von Huffnagel last night.

THE SCHOLAR IN POLITICS.

I.

(THE POLITICIAN.)

Practice and theory are hard to mix;
The scholar is too wise for politics:
So let him be content to teach the race
What ought to, but what never can take place.

II.

(THE SCHOLAR.)

Water and oil are hard to mix. That 's why
Oil is poured out when angry waves run high:
Barreled and bottled up by wise Jack Tar,
It saves him when the water goes too far,—

L'ENVOY.

Though, right and left, the practical fishes ask
The oil to be content to fill the cask.

John C. Miller.

GETTING AT THE SIZE.

THE PRESIDENT *(throwing down a newspaper, passionately).* — Blank it! here 's another Republican editor who calls me a figure-head!

BENNY MCKEE. — What ought he to call you, Grandpa — a cipher-head?

REPARTEE.

"It it a crime to be a woman?" cried the oratoress.

"No; only a Miss demeanor."

IN TIMES of disaster, it is said that the Southern darkey would rather accept Government aid than try to help himself. This certainly goes a long way to prove that the black vote is naturally Republican.

BURNED AT THE STAKE — The Unlucky Bettor.

GREAT AND NOBLE is editorial veracity. We may advertise the drama under the head of "Amusements;" but in the moderate and judicial language of the editorial page we read: "The Theatres To-night."

ADVICE TO YOUNG POETS.

Express your thought in language terse,
Or men will never read your verse.

William M. Evarts also would doubtless counsel you to the same effect, but perhaps not in the precise words above employed. In fact, the chances are more than favorable that he would formulate his admonition somewhat as follows:

"If you surcharge your stanza with inordinate verbosity,
We flee from its perusal with exceptional velocity."

His motives, however, would be entirely upright and honorable, and what he might say would be true, and worthy of earnest consideration.

THEY SAY in Ballston that the Saratoga town clock is run by a mineral spring.

OVER THE term "Salesladies"
We 've had some fun;
But "Table Board for Working Gents"
Just yanks the bun!

UNINTENTIONAL COURTESY.

RUPERT. — How kind Egbert is to scratch that poor strange dog's ear!

WILFRED. — Why, my dear boy, Eggie's legs are so long he thinks he 's scratching *himself.*

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—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

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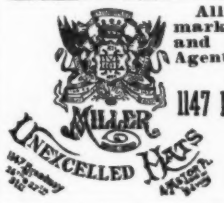

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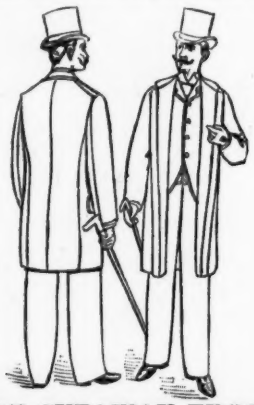

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THIS WONDERFUL MEDICINE FOR ALL

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MEN, WOMEN and CHILDREN are Subject,

is the most marvelous Antidote yet discovered. It is the premier Specific for a **Weak Stomach, Sick Headache, Impaired Digestion, Constipation, Disordered Liver, etc.,** and is found especially efficacious and remedial by FEMALE SUFFERERS.

Prepared only by **THOS. BEECHAM,** St. Helens, Lancashire, England. **B. F. ALLEN CO.,** Sole Agents for the United States, 365 & 367 Canal St., N. Y., who (if your druggist does not keep them) will mail **Beecham's Pills** on receipt of the price, **25 cents.** Please mention PUCK in ordering.

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The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And PICKINGS FROM PUCK did he buy with his gold.

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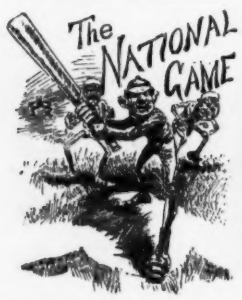

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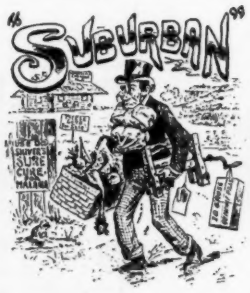

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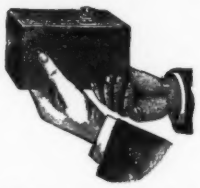

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ALL LOADED WITH ***Transparent Films.***
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Black, Grey and Tawny.
Price, $5.00.
Express Free on Receipt of Price.
State Size and Shape of Head, and brief mention of person.
HARRINGTON,
14 School Street, Boston.

PROPRIETORS of ice-houses are advertising "rooms for rent."—*Texas Siftings.*

YOUR FEET BEAT A TATTOO
on the Foot-Board of most Carts. They will not on Carts made by THE HIGH GRADE ROAD CART CO., COLLEGE HILL, O. Send for illustrated colored circular, price and lowest freight rate. 910*

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New York.

JOHN MILLARD writes from Odinburg, Ind., Nov. 29,—Dyke's Beard Elixir has produced a heavy moustache on my upper lip in 4 weeks. My face was entirely smooth. Hundreds more.

ELIXIR grows the heaviest beard, and hair, in 4 weeks. Warranted. In bottles, or metal cases, ready for use. Complete remedy by mail, only 25c, in stamps or silver. Worth four times this amount. Smith Med. Co., Palatine, Ills. 686

TRYING, VERY.

MAUDE *(who is filling a temporary domestic gap).*—I won't stand it another day. It 's too hateful! *(Sobbing.)*

MAUDE'S MOTHER *(trying to be sympathetic).*—My dear, what *is* the matter?

MAUDE *(indignantly).*—That miserable butcher's boy just asked me when the other girl was coming back."—*Boston Post.*

THE resolution, adding four new stars to the flag back of the Speaker's desk, which Congressman Hansbrough, of North Dakota, will report favorably, is not at all necessary. If the question should be raised, Speaker Reed would find no difficulty in seeing a quorum of stars on that banner as it now stands.—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

GOT AWAY AGAIN.—Three men were arrested and fined for swearing on the street in Philadelphia, the other day. Of course, the fellow who dropped the banana peel was allowed to go scot-free, as usual.—*Indianapolis Ram's Horn.*

Those Chicago Ladies

Who attended Professor Pfau's COOKING CLASSES, during the past Winter, formed a very favorable impression of his culinary knowledge and skill, and no doubt profited by his instruction. It is interesting, therefore, to know what the Professor thinks of Armour's Extract of Beef. He writes as follows, under date March 24, 1890: "I used your Extract during my last Course of "Cooking. There is no better in the market in regard to strength "and flavor, and I cheerfully recommend the same to all families "who wish to make rich soups and sauces. It is much cheaper "than the meat stock, and always ready."

The LIFE and FLAVOR of the beef are retained by our process and not BURNED O T.

"HOW ARE THE CROPS?" asked a man of a granger, in the lobby of the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

"Oh, the crops are pretty lively."

"A good corn-crop?" asked the man.

"First-rate."

"How about oats?"

"Splendid."

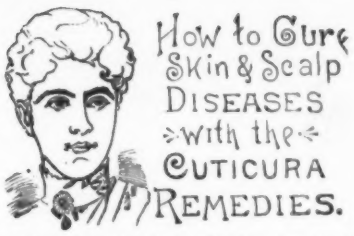
"And buckwheat?"

"Superb. Have just had ten thousand acres of it threshed by an Advertising Agent."

"You have had all sorts of crops, eh?"

"Oh, yes," replied the granger: "all sorts. I've had rye-crops and chicken-crops. I have had my hair cropped several times, because it kept cropping out so fast. But when you come to crops and after-maths, you just want to remember the five crops of PICKINGS FROM PUCK, now floating across the country like a cyclone of laughter and merriment. A sample of each crop may be had for twenty-five cents. Mailed to any address for thirty cents. The five crops by mail to one address, $1.25."

BAY RUM. H. MICHELSEN, St. Thomas, West Indies, awarded 9 medals at leading Expositions. Ask your dealer for it.
None genuine unless bearing my signature. *H. Michelsen*



THE MOST DISTRESSING FORMS OF SKIN AND scalp diseases, with loss of hair, from infancy to old age, are speedily, economically and permanently cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, when all other remedies and methods fail.

CUTICURA, the great skin cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, cure every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, BOSTON, MASS.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

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Relief in one minute, for all pains and weaknesses, in CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, the only pain-killing plaster. 25c.

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A PURE, FRAGRANT, NON-GRITTY TOOTH POWDER. WHITENS THE TEETH. PREVENTS AND ARRESTS DECAY. HARDENS THE GUMS AND SWEETENS THE BREATH. ASK DRUGGISTS FOR ROWLAND'S ODONTO. OF 20 HATTON GARDEN, LONDON, ENGLAND. 750

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W. BAKER & CO.'S
Breakfast Cocoa
Is absolutely pure and it is soluble.
No Chemicals
are used in its preparation. It has *more than three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup.* It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, EASILY DIGESTED, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as persons in health.
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Every New dealer sells "Puck's Opper Book" at 30 cts. per copy. It is mailed by the publishers on receipt of 35 cts. "Puck's Opper Book" in board covers, 50 cents.

THE PUBLISHERS OF PUCK, NEW YORK.

PUCK'S OPPER BOOK.

YEAST.—I understand you've bought a dog to keep burglars away?

CRIMSONBEAK.—Yes.

"You are not troubled any more at night, then, I suppose?"

"Only by the dog."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

GAMBLING has been entirely suppressed in Chicago. Later—It has n't.—*Buffalo Express.*

IT frequently turns out that the queen of diamonds is a knave of hearts.—*Ashland Press.*

TIRED HUSBAND.—I sometimes wish, wife, that I was an indicted New York Alderman.

WIFE.—Why, what a funny wish, dear!

"No; not funny. They are the only ones who seem to have no trials."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

THE lamp-posts of Cincinnati were draped in memory of a deceased director of the gas company.—*Ex.* It would have been more satisfactory to the consumers if the company had allowed the meters to knock off work the day of the funeral.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

THE chimney-sweep is getting out his spring soot.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

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PISO'S CURE
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Tastes good. Use it in time.
Sold by Druggists.
25 CTS 25 CTS
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ask your Jobber for
PUCK'S Trade Notice, No. 2.

TRUTH IS STRANGER THAN FICTION.

CHORUS OF NURSERY-TALE MIDGETS.—Great Lilliput! He's smaller than any of us! And yet they say he expects a second term!